

The First Shirt-Button.

Young Charley Overblower married about a month ago, and when he came home from his wedding tour, he and his pretty little wife Emma, took possession of a charming flat up town. Early one evening after they were fairly settled, and the last of Emma's sisters had been induced to conclude her visit, Charley proposed to Emma that they should go to the theatre. The woman assented, and both began to amend their toilets. In a few moments Charley said: "Darling, I am sorry to trouble you; but really I think I shall be obliged to have to ask you to sew a button on this shirt."

"Of course; why not?" said Emma, delighted at a chance to show her skill. She took the garment, seated herself, and said: "I can't remember for the life of me where I put those buttons. Charley, look in that box and see if you can find one."

Charley looked in the box which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired articles, concluded he would not bother Emma for further information, so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"New Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau-drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of white cotton—be sure to get the white cotton."

Charley found in the top bureau-drawer a copy of Tennyson—he remembered it well, and picked it up and looked at the marginal marks and comments, dear affectionate little girl that she was!—and more perfume bottles, and a pattern of a Flor de Farmer overskirt, and the beginning of a sofa cushion, and various other things but no needle or cotton. Then he remembered that he had a fancy "housewife," that he had bought from a girl at a fair, and he got needles and cotton out of that.

"Thank you dear," said Emma, and then began to stitch vigorously, humming a dreamy Italian air. Presently she said: "Oh, Charley, won't you bring me the scissors? I think they are in my writing desk. I had them there to-day cutting a poem out of a paper."

The scissors were not in the writing desk, nor on the mantle, nor in the top bureau-drawer, nor in the case of perfume bottles, nor even in the receiver; so Charley drew on his "housewife" again. Emma took the scissors, snipped the thread, and exclaimed: "There, darling! And now make haste, or we shall be late."

Charley wriggled into the garment, and then put up his hands to button the band at the back, but no button was there.

"Why, Em," he cried "where in thunder did you sew on that button?"

"Oh, Charley, ain't you ashamed?" exclaimed his wife. "Where are your eyes?"

"If they were in the back of my head," answered Charley, "perhaps I could see that button."

Emma raised herself on her tiptoes and looked at the band.

"Why, that's strange!" said she. "Take it off and let me look at it."

The shirt was inspected thoroughly and the button was found neatly and deftly sewed on just beneath the tag of the shirt bosom, so as to button to that appendage in a most elegant manner.

"Well, by Jove," exclaimed Charley, "I didn't know any more about sewing on a button than that. I wouldn't get married—I'd learn how."

"You were going to say you would not have got married," cried his wife, putting on her hat hastily and bursting into tears.

"Where are you going?" demanded Charley, savagely.

"I'm going home and I'll get a separation from you and your old shirts; that's where I'm going," blubbered Emma, "I thought you wanted the button there to fasten to your what-you-call-'ems."

It took Charley an hour to persuade Emma that if she went home there wouldn't be strawberries and cream enough to go around, and that she could get all she wanted at Belmonte's and he'd pay for them.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not have so much pleasure in discovering the faults of others.

Brains in Farming.

Mind must be made the emancipator of the farmer. Science, intelligence—these must liberate the white bondmen of the soil from their long slavery. When I look back and see what has been done for the farmers in my brief memory, I am full of hope for the future. The plow under the hand of science is become a new instrument. The horse now hoes the corn, digs the potatoes, mows the grass, rakes the hay, reaps the wheat and thrashes and winnows it, and every day adds new machinery to the farmer's stock, to supersede the clumsy implements which once bound him to his hard and never-ending toil. When a farmer begins to use machinery and study the process of other men, and to apply his mind to farming so far as he can make it take the place of muscle, then he illuminates his calling with a new light, and lifts himself into the dignity of a man. If mind once gets the upper hand it will serve itself and see that the body is properly cared for. Intelligent farming is dignified living. For a farmer who reads and thinks and studies and applies, nature will open the storehouse of her secrets, and point the way to a life full of dignity and beauty, and grateful and improvable leisure.—[J. G. Holland.]

Marry for Money.

The Rev. George C. Baldwin very truthfully says: Gold cannot buy happiness, and the parents who compel their daughters to marry for station or money, commit a grievous sin against humanity and God. And the woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain—that all the glittering of heartless grandeur are phosphorescent glittering of heart wretchedness, that her life will be one of gilded misery, and her old age will be like a crag on the bleak side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no birds sing, but wild storms howl and hoarse thunders roar, and through the weeping storms shall be heard the stern voice of the great God saying, "Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and burn your flesh as if it were fire."

Don't Fritter Away Your Time.

It is said that a man who had accustomed himself to seize a pen whenever his wife was putting on her shawl and bonnet to walk, found, before he suspected such a result, that he had written a tolerable book. Wonders may thus be accomplished by all in their stray moments, would they but improve them. We would not prevent people from reflecting, from resting, or enjoying themselves, but the worst of it is, many waste large portions of their lives without doing any of these. Circumstances favor persons bent on rational employment. Instead of idling away the half hour before dinner or some appointment, if they take up a book or a pen, or undertake to do any little duty which demands their attention, they find often the time which they might have frittered away much longer than they anticipated. Many a friend might be secured or obliged by a letter written at these intervals by those who profess to have "no time." We all have time, more or less, which might be devoted to performance of neglected duties.

Is this Seat Occupied?

An old but vigorous looking old gentleman, seemingly from the rural districts, got into a car and walked its full length without receiving an invitation to sit down.—Approaching a gentleman who had a long bench to himself, he asked, "Is this seat occupied?" "Yes, sir, it is," imperiously replied the other. "Well," replied the broad-shouldered agriculturist, "I will keep this seat until the gentleman comes." The original proprietor withdrew himself haughtily to one end and looked insulted. After a while the train got in motion, and still nobody came to claim the seat, whereupon the deep chested agriculturist turned and said: "Sir, when you told me that this seat was occupied you told me a lie"—such was his plain language—"I never sit beside a liar if I can avoid it; I would rather stand up." Then appealing to another party he said: "Sir, may I sit next to you? You do not look like a liar." We need hardly say that he got his seat, and that the original proprietor thought that there was something wrong about our social system.

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The Symptoms of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; pain in the back, sides or joints—often mistaken for rheumatism; Sour stomach; loss of appetite; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the skin and eyes, a dry cough often mistaken for consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few, but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease and if not regulated in time great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

I can recommend as an efficacious remedy for disease of the Liver, Heartburn and dyspepsia, Simmons' Liver Regulator.

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We have tested its virtues personally and know that for dyspepsia, biliousness and throbbing headache it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before Simmons' Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved but cured us.—Ed. Telegraph and Messenger, Macon, Ga.

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THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hic-cough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

These Pills are not recommended as a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.—Whereas Lewis Vertrees, Isaac Vertrees and Campbell Vertrees by their deed of trust dated the 31st day of December, 1875, and recorded in the recorder's office of Lincoln county, Missouri, in book No. 2, at page 500, did convey to George W. Colbert, trustee, the following described real estate situate in the county of Lincoln and state of Missouri, to-wit: Two hundred acres of land, more or less, being part of survey No. 452 in township 49, range 1 west, and being the same land purchased by James H. Woods from Joseph W. Withrow and wife by deed dated March 30, 1867, and recorded in the recorder's office of Lincoln county in record book T, page 486, which conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and whereas said note being past due and unpaid, now therefore at the request of the legal holder of said note and under and in pursuance of said deed of trust, I, the undersigned trustee, will on

Saturday, November 3d, 1877,

between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the court house in the town of Troy, Lincoln county, Missouri, expose to sale at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title, claim, interest, estate and property of the said Lewis Vertrees, Isaac Vertrees and Campbell Vertrees, of, in and to the above described real estate for the payment of said note with all the interest that may have accrued thereon, together with the costs and expenses of this trust.

GEO. W. COLBERT,

Oct. 3,

Trustee.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Rob't Hicks, deceased, at the July term for 1877 of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., filed his petition as such administrator for the sale of the real estate of said deceased, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts due by said deceased, accompanied by the lists and inventories required by law, and that unless the contrary is shown an order will be made for the sale of said real estate at the October term of said court for 1877, which term will be begun and held in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1877, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why said order of sale should not be granted.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Edwin A. Coale, deceased, at the July term for 1877 of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., filed his petition as such administrator for the sale of the real estate of said deceased, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts due by said deceased, accompanied by the lists and inventories required by law, and that unless the contrary is shown an order will be made for the sale of said real estate at the October term of said court for 1877, which term will be begun and held in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1877, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why said order of sale should not be granted.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Martin Mayes, deceased, at the July term for 1877 of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Missouri, filed his petition as such administrator for the sale of the real estate of said deceased, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts due by said deceased, accompanied by the lists and inventories required by law, and that unless the contrary is shown an order will be made for the sale of said real estate at the October term of said court for 1877, which term will be begun and held in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1877, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why said order of sale should not be granted.

THOS. R. REID, Adm'r.

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